Deb: Do my knees look fat?Grayson: What?Deb: I don't know. Maybe I should just wear pants.Grayson: Deb, you don't get nervous. What's going on?Deb: You didn't answer the question.Grayson: You and your knees look perfect. Breakfast?Deb: Only a... Grayson: Grapefruit, two splendas. Deb, you got to relax. You kill at auditions.Deb: A prize model on "the price is right" is not just an audition. It's a career.Grayson: And with knees like yours, it's a lock.

Jane: Hey, Teri.Teri: You didn't go home... Again. Kim: Good morning. Jane, we have Marcus Newsom this afternoon.Jane: Yes, Kim, I know. I've been working on our brief.Kim: It's your suit. The client was here yesterday. And at $300 an hour, we should at Teri: And how many hours did that purse cost?Kim: Hermes. Ostrich leather. There's a two-year wait, but I pulled some strings.And, Jane, for what it's worth, no one under 50 wears a brooch.Teri: Hermes bitch.

TV: You and your guests can have fun with this new karaoke machine! Vocopro's duet easy-to-use digital...Deb: Did you find it?Grayson: One bottle of ironic taffy... Behind the pepto.Deb: Thank you, thank you.Grayson: You really think it's lucky, huh?Deb: I had it on when I met you. I'd call that lucky. Why are you wearing your interview tie?Grayson: Babe, for the third time...Deb: You have a final interview with the new firm.Grayson: With the better partnership track.Deb: The tighter the knot, the broader the shoulders.Grayson: What would I do without you?Deb: Lanisha thinks she is all that. With her hip dip/ shoulder swoop. Grayson, check this out.I call it the toe tap/booty bounce. That's better than Lanisha, right?Grayson: She'll want to claw your eyes out.

Deb: You always know what to say.Teri: Kim hosted a cocktail party last night... For the partners.Jane: She was supposed to be helping me.Teri: Yeah, well, you are smarter, you work harder, and our clients actually like you. But she does know how to work it...Jane: Teri, I can't have this conversation. Not right now.Teri: I'm worried about you.Jane: Well, worry about the Middle East. I'm fine. Really. I got to get back...Teri: To work. I know.Jane: Damn it. Jane: Teri?Teri: Jane.The killer: Lady, get your ass down.Teri: Apparently, this gentleman has an issue with Parker.

The killer: Your boss slept with my wife.Parker: I didn't know she was married.Jane: Look, sir...

Deb: You got Deb. Stacy: Scott dumped me.Deb: Oh, Stacy. I'm so sorry. Stacy: He said I was... I am... Shallow.Deb: Hello? Has he seen the Indie movies in your netflix que?Passers-by: Watch it!Deb: Sorry.Stacy: Deb, I can't afford this place on my own.Deb: Maybe you should get, like, a job.Stacy: I'm a model. And a damn good one.Deb: But, you haven't work since Jessie's painting spread.Stacy: That layout was painted on me recycled-green paper, added ten pounds.Deb: Being green can be so cruel. Listen, sweetie, after I rock my audition, I’m gonna swing by and...Stacy: Deb? Can you hear me now? Okay, call me back. Fred: Ms... Dobkins, I'm Fred. I'm your gatekeeper. Apologies for your sudden demise.Deb: Demise?Fred: It's a lot to process. Follow me.Deb: So, this is the Pearly Gate? Fred: You sound disappointed.Deb: It's just... I expected puppy clouds a few angels, maybe even a harp. I really need to get back to earth now.Fred: Come on... sweetie. Have a seat.

Deb: What are you doing?Fred: Reviewing your life... You know, heaven or hell. Hold on a second. I've never seen this before. Ms. Dobkins, according to my records, you have not done a single good deed or bad act in your entire life。You are my first adult 0/0.Deb: You know, I am a good person, all right? Lots of deeds.Fred: Ms. Dobkins, I've seen a lot of bad people and you're not one of them. But you're not one of the good ones, either.Based on our brief period of time together, I would conclude that you're simply shallow.Deb: Shallow? Well, who do you think you are, in your dress-for-less shirt and your poly-yesterday pants? You're rude, and I am not gonna sit here and take it.Fred: Yeah, well, what are you gonna do about it, right?Deb: Let's find out.

Doctor: Gel. Clear! Wait a minute! She is one lucky lady. Bullet just grazed her. Didn't require a stitch.Nurse: But the EKG... She flat lined.Doctor: There must have been some kind of short in the monitor. It's happened before.You a friend?Fred: Sure.Doctor: Temporary amnesia is not uncommon with a slight concussion, so we'll be keeping her under observation.Fred: Wake up!Jane: I just had the strangest dream.Fred: It wasn't a dream... Sweetie.Jane: Fred? Why do I feel bloated? My... God. You sent me to hell?Fred: Relax. Your soul entered a recently vacated vessel. Your old body...Jane: No, No, no. I'm going back to sleep, and when I wake up...Fred: Her name... now your name... is Jane.Jane: This doesn't work for me. I've never been more than a size 2, and that's only 'cause of the freshman 15, which is why I quit community college. So, who do I have to talk to?Fred: Look on the bright side... You're alive. And not only do you get Jane's body, but you get her brains, too. Her I.Q. is off the charts.Jane: Fred... Tell me how to get "me" back.Fred: You are Jane. Now and forever. Everything you need to know about her... about you... Is in here.Jane: A Mossimo bag from Target?Fred: Jane's purse... wallet, license, business cards.Jane: She wears a brooch. Nobody under 50 wears a brooch.Fred: So buy a new bag, buy new jewelry. I don't care. One rule... you don't tell anybody about this. You got it?Jane: Why?Fred: Because people will think you're insane. And then I'm gonna have to send you back, and not to the... good place.Jane: If I'm Jane, then why do I still remember everything about me? Shouldn't I know all about her?Fred: Memories remain with the soul.Jane: Whatever. I'm out of here. Fred: Nice outfit.Jane: What are you doing here?Fred: Firm's looking for a new messenger. I'm applying.Jane: Shouldn't you be back up...Fred: Jane... Jane: Don't. Stop it! I hate her name. I hate her body. I hate her purse. I hate everything!Fred: Hey, shut up! I'm here because of you, all right? I got demoted from gatekeeper to guardian angel because of you.Jane: You're my guardian angel?Fred: I'm afraid so.Jane: Make me skinny and hot... now.Fred: I'm an angel, not a wizard. And between you and me, it's just a fancy term for "babysitter."Jane: How did you find me here? Fred: You're in Jane's body.Jane: So? Fred: So everybody's body has its own needs, its cravings, its comfort zones. This firm is where Jane's body feels at ease. It's where her intellect shines.Teri: Jane?Fred: Teri, your assistant.Jane: I've always wanted my own assistant.

Teri: Thank God you're okay. Let's get you to your office.Colleagues: Hi!Jane: Why are they clapping?Teri: You took a bullet for Parker.Jane: No, I don't wear "lame bryant."Teri: The doctor said you might have amnesia, but you love Ms. Bryant. They're stretchy and comfortable.Jane: I read loser lit?Teri: Jane, you live by those books. Get dressed.Jane: I look ridiculous. Teri: You look fine.Parker: Jane. You gave us all quite the scare. The gunman was apprehended, everybody's fine, and I promise to enquire about the marital status of all future dates.Thank you for... well... thank you. How you feeling?Jane: Not quite myself, but...Parker: Marcus Newsom's on his way up. Given the circumstances, Kim's offered to take over as first chair.Teri: Of course she did. Jane brought Newsom to the firm.Parker: Jane, if you need anything at all, you let me know.Teri: Kim ditched her last depo for a botox touch-up!Jane: Who's Marcus Newsom?Teri: That's funny. Yikes. Okay. Marcus Newsom is suing Upland pharmaceuticals. His wife suffered a hallucination after taking their sleeping pill, Zolpidem. She thought she was a bird, tried to fly, fell 20 stories. Does any of this ring a bell?Jane: No. But I imagine we're suing for wrongful.Teri: Yeah, and failure...Jane: Failure to disclose, negligence, fraud, and possible product liability, although that's tenuous. Oh, that was intense. Ask me something, something a smart person would know. Like, "what's the capital of New Zealand?" Wellington! What's the square root of 113? It's a prime number. Trick question!Teri: Listen to me. Are you okay?Jane: I'm smart!Teri: Yeah, you are. Now march into that conference room and show Kim that brains trump botox.Jane: Why is it so hot in this office?Teri: We've been through this. It's not hot. It's your metabolism.Jane: Well, my metabolism is making me sweat, so I need some air. Okay, they don't open.Teri: We're in an office building. They're sealed.Jane: Great. Then I'm going out.Teri: Jane. I know you've had a really rough day. But I'm here for you. And everything you need to know is in your brief. Jane: Mr. Newsom. Newsom: Jane. I just heard. Are you really okay?Jane: Flesh wound, one band-aid. Kim: She's great. She's fine. We should get started.Teri: It's all in the file.Kim: Tomorrow, the defense will try to rattle you. They'll argue that your wife was suicidal.Newsom: No, that's... that's bull...Kim: You contend she was happy, but if they undermine your credibility, it'll call Emily's mental state into question.Newsom: How can they say anything about Emily? They didn't know her.Kim: Which is why they'll go after you, try to get you to admit that she was unstable in some way. You've got to remain calm.Newsom: Calm? Emily's dead because she took their drug. And if you expect me to remain calm, you have no idea what it's like to lose someone you love.Kim: Marcus, I'm on your side, but when you're on the stand...Newsom: What, I should put on a happy face?Kim: I think we should take a little breather. Here you go, Jane.Jane: I'm fine.Kim: I'm sorry. It's just, you were staring at them.Jane: You know what? To be honest, I am craving a doughnut because, apparently, I am a doughnut eater.Kim: Are you all right?

Jane: You're asking a young widower not to be himself, not to feel his loss, and that is not who he is. And that's not the strategy that Jane... I mean, that I outlined in this brief.Newsom: What's going on?Jane: Marcus, under most circumstances I would agree with...Kim, but the jury's not going to sympathize unless they see your pain. Don't hide it. Embrace it.Newsom: Jane... You're first chair. And we're done here.

Teri: How'd it go?Jane: I'm back to first chair again.Teri: Awesome.Jane: This doughnut is just sweetened dough and congealed chocolate, but wow. Teri, do you want one? There's a whole plate in the other room.

Teri: No, thank you. You have a dinner. New client, Vicky Wellner. She's divorcing her husband. You're meeting her at Mozan in 20 minutes.

Jane: Oh, my God. Beyonce went there last week. I saw it on "TMZ".Teri: Yeah, you were there that night. You raved about the calamari.Jane: Give me the details.Teri: You ate it with cocktail sauce and lemon juice.Jane: Details on the case. Teri: Right. I'll call you in your car, which I had washed. You're welcome.Jane: A Porsche?Teri: Yeah, you bought it after reading15 steps to a better you. Jane: Hello? Teri?Teri: Your top's down? You don't put the top down.Jane: Can you pick me up some CDs for my Porsche? Christina, Colbie, Fergie.Teri: Sure. Now about the case. Vicky Wellner, your client, she's being divorced.Jane: Oh, and I'm gonna need some lip gloss. Kisskiss, granite magic... And a luminir and the plumper. And an eyelash curler. Do I even have eyelashes?Teri: Jane! Your client's husband has a net worth of $5 mil, but the prenup only gives her about 100 grand.Jane: Well, if she was dumb enough to sign one...Teri: The prenup has an infidelity clause. He cheats, prenup goes bye-bye.Jane: Smart girl. Tell me he cheated.Teri: With the dog walker. Your client caught them together. Jane: Ka-ching! She gets half.Teri: Not so fast. She refuses to go to court.Jane: Well, the only way to have a prenup voided and marital assets split is by a court order from a judge, so the client would have to testify. Jane: Calamari... It's just rings of squid lightly fried in beer batter, but...Vicky: Ms. Bingum, I was clear with Parker. I... I won't go to court.Jane: But you need to testify.Vicky: Are you whing（complaining）?Jane: I am giving you my expert legal opinion, which is... That you can't let your rich son-of-a-bitch husband cheat on you and pay you off with a measly 100 grand. Vicky: Parker thought that you could find a middle ground. That's why he scheduled this settlement conference. I thought you were up to speed.Jane: Mrs. Wellner, how much do you think you're worth?Vicky: Why?Jane: Because if you don't think you're worth much, why should he?Vicky: I gave up my career. I raised our children. I loved him unconditionally. I think that should be worth something. I think that should be worth... half.Jane: Then that's what we'll get.

Stacy: Can I help you?Jane: Stacy? It's me, Deb.Stacy: My best friend was a Deb. She died this morning.Jane: I know. We were on the phone, and...Stacy: This isn't funny! Leave me alone!Jane: No, Stace, it's me. I promise. Please let me explain. I don't have anywhere else to go.Stacy: Pork chop, I’m calling the cops.Jane: Senior year, Bob Wahl gave you crabs. Who else knows that?Stacy: He gave them to every cheerleader and two guys on the wrestling team.Jane: In 10th grade, you got a nose job but told everyone you were in France. And you put krazy glue in Kathy Lyford's underwear for making out with your boyfriend during "Erin Brockovich." And you were too shy to buy yourself a vibrator, so I bought you the...Stacy: Deb?

Jane: Yeah.

-Stacy: He gave them to every cheerleader and two guys on the wrestling team.

-Jane: In 10th grade, you got a nose job but told everyone you were in France.

And you put krazy glue in Kathy Lyford's underwear for making out with your boyfriend during "Erin Brockovich."

-Stacy: Deb?

-Jane: Yeah.

-Stacy: Let me get this straight... You died, went to heaven, pressed a button, and they turned you into a size 16?

-Stacy: That is so unfair. I mean, fat things should not happen to skinny people.

-Jane: Hey, let's go out... Les Deux or Hyde.

-Stacy: We don't need to go out to have a good time.

-Jane: That's what we said to my cousin when she stopped waxing her mustache.

-Stacy: It's not me. I just... I don't think you'd make it past the rope, sweetie.

-Jane: No. I'm Jane now. He loved Deb...

-Stacy: Come here. So...So, I know that you're Jane, but, um, do you still drink like Deb? Splenda mojitos?

-Jane: Yeah, but I'd rather have something to eat.

-Stacy: But we don't eat after 7:00.

-Jane: I'm craving chocolate.

-Stacy: Chocolate... martinis?

-Jane: I can live with that.

-Fred: You went to Stacy's house.

-Jane: Are you stalking me now? She's my best friend.

-Fred: She's Deb's best friend. Did you tell her?

-Jane: Yes. And I'm moving in with her.

-Fred: Damn it, Jane. Now I have to report you.

-Jane: If you report me, won't you get in trouble, too?

-Fred: You have No idea.

-Jane: Then keep Your mouth shut.

Fred, it's classic vicarious liability. No need for you to take the blame when the fault lies clearly with me, the perpetrator.

I know. I'm smart. And I trust Stacy. Are we cool?

-Fred: I'll think about it.

-Jane: Now, let's talk about me... I'm quitting this gig. Playing lawyer... It was fun, but I'm over it.

-Fred: You can't just up and leave. People are depending on you.

-Jane: Fred, I am not a morning person. I don't like schedules or meetings or windows that don't open.

Wait a minute... are you wearing black because it's slimming?

-Jane: No, I am wearing black because I＊m on my way to a funeral. My own.

-Grayson: People say there are five stages of grief: denial, anger, Bargaining, depression, and acceptance.

Well, I can't get past my anger. Standing here today, I can't help but remember Deb's first words to me...

Are you seriously trying to pull off acid-washed jeans?

She changed my life. She gave me something to look forward to at the end of each day. Deb taught me to listen to my heart.

-Girl 1: Deb taught me patterned leggings make my legs look fat. you?

-Girl 2: Never mix two seasons in one outfit.

-Girl 1: The world is a sadder place.

-Jane: What?

-Teri: Where are you? You are due in court in five minutes.

-Jane: I'm not going.

-Teri: What is with you? You can't do this to Mr. Newsom.

-Grayson: She was sweet and kind and unselfish.

-Girl 2: But did he just say "unselfish"?

-Girl 1: She did give me a ride when I got my boobs done.

-Girl 2: Cause she had the hots for your doctor.

-Teri: Jane, are you there?

-Jane: Is Jane... I mean, am I selfish?

-Teri: You volunteer for meals on wheels. You do more pro bono work than anyone at this firm. What is going on?

-Jane: Teri, do you really think I could help Marcus Newsom?

-Teri: I'm sure of it.

-Jane: I'm on my way.

-Grayson: And in the worst of times, she could make me laugh. And without her... life will never be the same.

-Opposing counsel: Dr. Curtis, please state your profession.

-Dr. Curtis: I'm a professor of pharmacology and a leading scholar on inhibitory neurotransmitters.

-Kim: Where have you been?

-Jane: Sorry.

-Opposing counsel: Do you believe Zolpidem in any way contributed to Emily Newsom's death?

-Dr. Curtis: Absolutely not. The drug is a safe and effective sleep aid.

-Kim: Don't forget to ask him about the raymar study.

-Jane: That's not in my notes.

-Kim: It's the backbone of our case, Jane.

-Dr. Curtis: And to be clear, Zolpidem is approved by the FDA? For over 20 years.

-Opposing counsel: Thank you.

-Judge: Counsel?

-Jane: Dr. Curtis... That's a beautiful suit. It looks like... an armani collezioni. May I feel the fabric?

Italian wool crepe. It's nice. How much did that cost?

-Dr. Curtis: I don't remember.

-Jane: You ever watch "the price is right"? If you had to guess the price, what would you say?

-Judge: Sustained.

-Jane: I'd guess $2,000. Well, $2,001 if another contestant bid $2,000. It's not nice, but it's the smart thing to do.

-Judge: Counsel... Make your point.

-Jane: Sir, do you receive money from Upland, the defendant?

-Dr. Curtis: I'm on the advisory board. It's a paid position.

-Jane: I knew it! Zolpidem is Upland's most successful drug, isn't it?

-Dr. Curtis: Correct.

-Jane: And you have incentive to protect the sales of that drug so you can continue to afford high-end items, such as your suit?

-Opposing counsel: Objection.

-Jane: Fine. Withdrawn. Dr. Curtis, it says right here in my brief that I wrote...

that Zolpidem has been linked to sleepwalking, sleep-eating, and even sex while asleep.

-Dr. Curtis: There's a difference between odd behavior and dangerous behavior.

-Jane: Are you aware that a New York woman taking Zolpidem opened the door to a stranger and was raped?

She didn't recall the attack until morning.

And according to the Sydney morning herald, a man jumped to his death two hours after popping a Zolpidem.

Are you aware of that?

-Dr. Curtis: Yes.

-Jane: Dr. Curtis... Can you tell me about the Raymar study?

-Kim: Objection.

-Judge: You can't object to your co-counsel. Approach the bench. All of you.

-Kim: Your honor, you granted our pre-trial motion to exclude the study because the defendant won't share the data.

-Judge: Yes, but now that Ms. Bingum has opened the door, it's fair game. Step back. Please answer the question.

-Dr. Curtis: The study concluded that there's no causal effect between Zolpidem and hallucinations or suicide. Like I said, it's a safe drug.

-Opposing counsel: You want to feel his suit again?

-Kim: Dr. Curtis... Who paid for the Raymar study?

-Dr. Curtis: Upland pharmaceutical.

-Kim: And has their data been submitted for scientific review?

-Dr. Curtis: Not at this time.

-Kim: So there's no way for a non-biased third party to verify the findings?

-Dr. Curtis: Not yet.

-Kim: Thank you. Nothing further.

-Judge: Court's adjourned.

-Jane: Yesterday after court, you left in a hurry.

-Kim: Were you hoping to grab a cocktail?

-Jane: You set me up. You took advantage of my memory lapse.

-Kim: And you've been up all night thinking about it. Dark circles. I can recommend a concealer.

-Jane: You jeopardized the case.

-Kim: I was two steps ahead of you, Jane. We were fine.

-Jane: I understand you, Kim. I mean, I get who you are.

-Kim: You "get" me? One little bump on the head, and you think you get me?

-Jane: Everything's a competition, every man, a conquest, every woman, a threat.

-Kim: Between you and me, Jane, you're no threat.

-Jane: You know something? You and this Hermes knockoff have a lot in common... You look pretty, but you're cheap.

-Kim: Excuse me, but...

-Jane: Don't even try it. They haven't done ostrich in burnt orange since '03. I know fraud when I see it.

-Parker: Jane, Vicky Wellner and opposing counsel are in the conference room. Accept their offer.

-Jane: We do not accept the offer.

-Joe: Parker assured me...

-Jane: He doesn't speak for the client.

-Joe: What are you looking for?

-Mr. Wellner: You know what? I don't give a rat's ass what my wife is looking for.

You want to challenge the prenup, that's fine by me. Let's go.

-Vicky: We made a terrible mistake.

-Jane: No. Worst-case scenario, we go to court.

-Vicky: Why aren't you hearing me? I won't testify.

-Parker: Jane, what happened?

-Jane: It's just a setback.

-Parker: Do you know why I assigned this case to you?

-Jane: No.

-Parker: I thought you'd understand Vicky's fears and insecurities.

-Jane: Why would you think that?

-Parker: I see those self-help books in your office. You and Vicky are cut from the same cloth. So why are you fighting her wishes?

-Jane: Because I am not the person you think I am.

-Teri: What's wrong?

-Jane: What's right? I screwed up Mrs. Wellner's case; Parker thinks I'm insecure,

I hate my wardrobe, and it is like a thousand degrees in this office.

I can't do this anymore!

-Teri: Sit. Open your mouth.

-Jane: What?

-Teri: No, just do it. Open it. Do it. Trust me.

-Jane: Oh, my God. That stuff...

-Teri: Easy cheese.

-Jane: Is like Xanax.

-Teri: Let's talk this through. First, who cares if Parker thinks you're pathetic?

-Jane: Insecure.

-Teri: What?

-Jane: He said "insecure," not "pathetic."

-Teri: What matters is how well you do your job. Now, the Wellner case...

-Jane: She won't stand up for herself. She's like one of those sad women they get for talk-show makeovers.

Hold it. Hold everything.

My brain is working. Teri... Send Vicky to this address... Then schedule another settlement conference for this evening.

-Teri: You got it.

-Jane: Come in, Teri.

-Grayson: Hello. It's me... Grayson. Are you okay?

-Jane: You remember me?

-Grayson: How could I forget? You interviewed me last week, recommended me to Parker.

I got the job. Thank you.I saw you at my girlfriend's funeral.

It was kind of you to represent the firm.

-Jane: Are you sure you're ready to start back to work? I mean, so soon after...

-Grayson: I appreciate your concern, but everything at home reminds me of Deb.

I haven't told anyone, but I was going to propose next week. Even bought a ring.

-Jane: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lay this on you.

-Grayson: But it's why I need to stay busy.

-Kim: Hello, hello. Grayson, Kim Kaswell.

-Grayson: Nice to meet you.

-Kim: Oh, little office-warming gift. Why don't we find a place to put it?

-Grayson: Thanks. I'll see you later.

-Teri: Are you okay?

-Jane: It's too hot in this office. I'm suffocating. These should open, damn it!

-Teri: Jane, no! Your mother gave you that!

-Jane: When they fix it, I want a latch.

-Jane: Mrs. Wellner.

-Vicky: I appreciate you sending me to that spa, but how is this going to help our case?

-Jane: Your husband knows you've been reluctant to testify, but suddenly you're unpredictable.

-Vicky: Well, makeover or not, he's right. I won't.

-Jane: Then you'll bluff. Sometimes you got to fake it to make it. So stand tall and walk with confidence.

Like this. I call it the toe tap/booty bounce. Come on. Listen to your lawyer.

Shoulders back, show the rack Toe... tap... Booty bounce. That's it! One more time.

-Parker: I found this young lady wandering the hall. She says she's a friend.

-Jane: Cute shorts.

-Stacy: They're yours. You left them in the pool house.

-Parker: Everything okay here?

-Jane: we could use some privacy.

-Stacy: Thank you.

-Jane: Stacy, this is Mrs. Wellner.

-Stacy: Nice to meet you. A sexy dress and ironic taffy. Ladies, I need your right pinkies.

-Jane: It's for good luck.

-Jane: My client is prepared to go to court.

-Mr. Wellner: So, what... You put her in a new dress;

You slap some face paint on her I'm supposed to believe she's had this change of heart?

-Vicky: I don't want to testify, but if I have to...

-Mr. Wellner: You'll what? Huh? You'll humiliate yourself.

Haven't the children been put through enough already? Is this really what you want?

-Vicky: I'm sorry, Jane. I can't.

-Mr. Wellner: Well, Mrs. Bingum, you gave it your best shot. But I think I know her a little better than you do.

You are who you are. Nothing wrong with that.

-Jane: Vicky... You are who you want to be. Some people around here, they think I'm insecure.

But if I bought into that, it would only hurt me.

Your husband married a strong, dignified woman, and if you don't stand up and fight for her, then she's lost forever.

-Vicky: Shoulders back... Show the rack. The dog walker, the woman he slept with... She's my little sister.

And yes, I was embarrassed. I didn't want anyone to know.

-Mr. Wellner: Listen...

-Vicky: No, You listen to me. I teach our children to take responsibility for their actions. It's time you did the same.

When this goes to court, I won't be the one who's humiliated. I'll need a new outfit for when I take the stand.

-Joe: I think we should reconvene.

-Mr. Wellner: Joe, forget it. We'll draw up the papers.

-Jane: $2.5 million.

-Mr. Wellner: Let's go.

-Vicky: That was amazing.

-Jane: That really... It really felt...

And your bluffing... Even I fell for it.

-Vicky: You know what? I wasn't bluffing.

-Fred: How's your closing going? You gonna sock it to the drug company?

-Jane: Why do you care?

-Fred: I heard about Vicky Wellner. Congrats, but I thought you were gonna quit.

-Jane: Well, I changed my mind... for now. Fred. Court's in less than an hour, and I've got zip.

And I can't focus because I can't stop thinking about Grayson.

Was that some kind of cosmic joke, having us work together?

-Fred: No, we don't have that kind of control.

-Jane: It's so unfair. Grayson can grieve for Deb, but I can't grieve for him.

-Fred: I think you just found your closing, sweetie.

-Jane: Every minute of every day, Marcus Newsom remembers his life with Emily.

She was everything to him. And he was everything to her.

People say there are five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance.

Well, Marcus Newsom can't get past his anger.

He's angry at upland pharmaceuticals because they ignored evidence that Zolpidem can cause hallucinations with deadly consequences.

Why would they do that? Because if they told the truth; if they admitted to the risk;

Then consumers might think twice before popping their pills.

Help Marcus Newsom get past his anger. Assess blame where it belongs.

And only then can my client continue to grieve.

-Judge: Has the jury reached a verdict?

-Jury: We have your honor. We, the jury, find... for the plaintiff, Marcus Newsom,

and award general damages in the amount of $100,000...

Punitive damages in the amount of $8 million.

-Judge: Case closed.

-Newsom: Thank you.

-Jane: Thank You for believing in me.

-Kim:Congratulations, Marcus.

-Grayson: Jane. Your closing was inspired.

-Jane: I hope you didn't mind.

-Grayson: It was a nice tribute to Deb. This may sound funny, but... Is that ironic taffy?

-Kim:So, Parker wants to celebrate... Gimlets at skybar?

-Jane: Not me. It's been a long day.

-Kim:Grayson, you still have partners to meet.

-Jane: You should go.

-Grayson: All right. I'll see you tomorrow.

-Fred: What are you still doing here?

-Jane: Where else would I be?

-Fred: At home, with Stacy.

-Jane: I'll get there. Like you said, I'm comfortable here. I miss her, Fred.

I know Deb may not have been the best person in the world.